For mee, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie,
Kate. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. I marrie sir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be maide a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist,
Pet. They shall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuffe, my field my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweete wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile Buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom
For to supply the places at the table, (wants
You know there wants no iunckets at the feast:
Lucentio you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome,

Tra.

Tra. Shall sweete *Bianca* practise how
Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come Gentlen

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie fie on all tired Iades, on all ma
waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer
man so weary? I am sent before to make a
ming after to warme them: now were not
hot; my very lippes might freeze to my t
roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly
a fire to thaw mee, but I with blowing t
selfe: for considering the weather, a talle
cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?
Gru. A peece of Ice: if thou doubt it,
my shoulder to my heele, with no greater
my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.
Cur. Is my master and his wife commin
Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire,
Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's repor
Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this fi
winter tames man, woman, and beast: for
master, and my new mistris, and my selfe fe
Cur. Away you three inch foole, I am n
Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy
long am I at the least. But wilt thou mak
plaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand
nand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold co
in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me,
Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office
fore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue thy duti
mistris are almost frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore go
Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as mu
Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatch
Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue c
Where's the Cooke, is supper readie, the

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